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Contentment.

Given all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, how many people are discontented solely from a habit of comparing their lots with those of more fortunate acquaintances! They do not specially object to walking—they like exercise—but, whenever their next-door neighbor's carriage dashes by them, they grow suddenly tired about the knees and feel a weakness in the back with which pedestrianism does not agree. Wooden gowns would be perfectly comfortable if silk ones never existed in front of them. John Smith's sick house is better than he ever expected to own, and he would be content enough with it if Tom Jones, who went to school with him when he was a boy, did not move into a stone-fronted mansion with handsome portico.

Seven Fools.

The Envious man—who sends away a mutter because the person next to him is eating venison.

The Jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.

The Proud man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

The Litigious man—who goes to law in hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

The Extravagant man—who buys a carriage and takes a cab to carry it home.

The Angry man—who learns the oblique because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

The Ostentatious man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

THE REAPERS.

The reapers bend their lusty backs;

Their sounding sickles away;

At every stroke the golden sea

Reverberates to give them way;

The heavy ears fall bowing down

And nestle at their feet.

Such will such work as theirs, perform,

Must win—must homage meet.

So careless of fatigue they go,

So true, so steadily.

The admiring traveler on the road

Leans o'er the gate to see;

With marvel of the soon-fallen breadth,

The lounging goings tell;

But the reapers labor for us all;

'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun the burns a e.

Shall or moon in the west,

And the children's poppy nosegays fade,

And they lie down to rest.

Each golden spear that upward points

Shall fall upon the field,

And the farmer drains a sparkling glass,

Rejoicing o'er the yield.

Ply, bonny men, your sickles bright,

And give the people bread!

At every conquering stride you take,

On want and woe you tread.

Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength

You gathered from this plain.

That man may rise refreshed and firm,

And do great things again.

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,

That guide the cleaving plow,

That cast abroad the whining seed,

And build the wealthy mow;

They rear the bread our children eat;

'Tis by their toil we live;

Murrah! give them the loud cheer

That grateful hearts can give!

—Chambers' Journal.

Bobbles' Mistake.

Mr. Julius Bobbles is an independent

gentleman. In his youth he entered a

large commission house as errand boy.

By industry and a certain amount of cunning,

he raised himself, step by step, to the

position of confidential clerk. During

his clerkship he managed, by several

little successful speculations, to amass

a fortune, and after thirty-five years'

hard service he retired.

He was fat, forty-seven years of age,

and had a bald pate on the top of his

head, which he tried to conceal by

carefully brushing his hair over it. He

wore no beard or mustache, and during

the latter part of his business career he

caused the discharge of no less than

seventeen clerks who insisted upon

wearing mustaches.

Mr. Bobbles was very particular

about his dress. He always wore black,

the somberness of which was relieved

by a white waistcoat and neckcloth.

There is not a man who has seen a

speck on the one or a wrinkle on the

other. Mr. Bobbles had been known to

send a shirt back to the washerwoman

five times, simply because there was a

minute stain on the wristband.

The muddiest day never caught Mr.

Bobbles with a spot of mud on his

highly-polished boots. Mr. Bobbles

missed the pleasures of business, for

business was to him pleasure, and be-

came melancholy.

One morning, as he was taking his

solitary breakfast, he looked round his

room and heaved a deep sigh. "Julius,"

he began, mentally addressing himself,

"you ought to get married—you want

somebody to look over your linen, and

see that your toast is properly done;

for the last three mornings Mrs. Wig-

ley has burnt it. You can afford it,

Julius, and you are not ugly—no,"

said Mr. Bobbles, looking at himself in

the glass. "You are not ugly, Julius,

far from it. Ah, you cunning dog,

you."

And Mr. Bobbles playfully shook his

fingers at the reflection of himself.

"What will people say at my mar-

rying, Julius? Pooh! I don't care

what they say. Jilson got married the

other day, and he's ten years older than

I am, and not half so rich. Pity you

have not mixed more in society, Julius,

for I really don't know who to choose.

Poor Fannie!" sighed Bobbles, while a

tear stole into his eye. "I had no idea,

when we parted, that I loved you so

much. Why was I not richer? Oh,

nonsense! I was only five-and-twenty

when I met you, Julius?" and Mr. Bob-

bles threw a piece

of toast at a fly that was about to com-

mit suicide in the milk-jug.

Mr. Bobbles was one of those men

who have not the moral courage to

marry on two hundred a year. Poor

fool! he broke a poor girl's heart, and

a fussy old bachelor himself, in con-

sequence.

"Yes, I certainly ought to marry,"

thought Mr. Bobbles. "Nature intends

man to marry. Dear me, how shabby

my coat is getting. I must get a new

one. Yes, I'll have a blue one for a

change. I think blue would become

me—don't you, Julius?" and Mr. Bob-

bles stopped before the glass for a

reply.

As the glass did not answer him, he

resumed:

"I wonder how a mustache would

become me? Egad! I think I'll let

mine grow and see."

How much longer Mr. Bobbles might

have mused I know not, if Mrs. Wig-

ley hadn't entered the room to clear

away the breakfast things.

"Ah, Mrs. Wigley," said Mr. Bob-

bles, "Good morning to you. I wish

to ask you a question. I had a dispute

with a friend of mine, last evening,

about my own age. How old would you

suppose me to be?"

Now Mrs. Wigley had had an eye on

Mr. Bobbles for a long time past.

"If I flatter him he may propose,"

thought Mrs. Wigley, whose thoughts

by day and dreams by night were that

her initial might be changed from W to

B. "About thirty-five I should say,"

said Mrs. Wigley.

"Thirty-five! Oh, no, Mrs. Wigley,"

said Mr. Bobbles, chuckling with im-

mense satisfaction; "not quite so young

as that—let me see, I was thirty-eight

last birthday."

"More like forty-eight," thought

Mrs. Wigley, but she said, aloud, "Lor",

well, you do bear your age remarkably

well."

Mr. Bobbles was delighted with Mrs.

Wigley's reply. He thought her a re-

markably intelligent woman, and he re-

solved to raise her wages immediately,

but prudence stepped in, and Mr. Bob-

bles put off doing so for a short time.

After ordering some chops to be

cooked for his dinner, Mr. Bobbles

dressed himself with immense pains and

went out, called on his tailor, and or-

dered a blue coat. As Mr. Bobbles was

never known to wear any other color

than black the order so surprised the

tailor that he could hardly enter it for

agitation.

"If I understand you aright, sir, you

said blue?"

"Yes, Mr. Snipem, I said blue, and

I have said so four times. I suppose

there is nothing so very extraordinary in

a gentleman ordering a blue coat?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir," said Mr. Snipem,

rubbing his hands.

"Well, then, if I like to wear a black,

blue, red, yellow, or green coat, it's

nothing to you, if I pay for it, is it?"

asked Mr. Bobbles, slightly irritated.

Mr. Snipem gave an apologetic wave

of the hand.

"Well, then, send it home this week,

and don't disappoint me. Good morn-

ing."

Mr. Bobbles left off shaving his up-

per lip; consequently, in about a fort-

night, it assumed the appearance of a

cheap tooth-brush.

Mr. Bobbles, to add grace and dignity

to his carriage determined to learn

dancing, and joined a well-known

school for that purpose. A grand ball

was about to take place at Mr. Bob-

bles' school. All the pupils were invited,

and they had invited a number of their

friends. It was to be the grand affair

of the season, and the friend of any

pupil could be invited by the payment

of five shillings.

Mr. Bobbles had made great progress

Putting pipe a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove pipe with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of stove pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair and she gives utterance to these remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is plumed over her waist, and her hands are rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There are about five cents' worth of hot-black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And wife is sure you are there trying to circumvent the awful contrivances of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic molotovs as: "What's the use of swearing so!" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Don't be careful of that chair." And then she goes and reappears with an armful of more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pipes are alike. You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and work them. Then you spread one end out and jam the other together, and mount them once more, and it is no good. You begin to think the pipe is inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful expiring rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is that some people never have any trouble in putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare in the pipe, along the mantel, and down the stairs, and off to the floor. Your wife watches

EARLY CALVING.—The commonly accepted opinion about Jersey heifers is that it is no injury to them to calve when they are two years of age. While their growth may be somewhat stunted their milking qualities are in no wise injured. A correspondent of the *Cattle Club Register* thus gives his experience with his herd, in which he shows that stimulating the secretions is of more importance than age :

"My Jersey heifers served at fourteen to sixteen months old, without regard to the season of the year at which they would calve. It has gradually dawned upon me, through the experience of several years, that it is much more important to have them on good succulent grass for a month or longer while making their first bag, than to stimulate the secretion by any other means. The milk secretion may be stimulated to some extent by the use of medicine as much as possible; and now time the service so as to have them come in in June or early in July; or, skipping the heat and drought of August and September, to calve in September, if unavoidable, as young as fifteen months or as old as thirty months. If we want fall or winter cows, let us use other ones whose qualities have been developed in the summer months. In this it deserves the attention of beginners."

try to be somebody else, is worse than folly. It is impossible to attain it. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history: would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of as a shadow of a substance, the echo of a real sound, the counterfeit of pure coin. Let the fabricator of your character, though ever so humble, be at least a man of good sense.

gence of this, when a leat was wanted of Devonport, it had to be sought so far that its makers hailed with delight the news of an unfathomable tarn, called Crazywell Pool, which lay right in their way. This was said to have been sounded with miles of bell ropes, and to have seemed absolutely bottomless "20" according to a well-known Devonshire humorist, "zay zet up a steam engine and pump un dry in three hours."

The Lunga are strained and racked by a persistent cough, the general strength wanes, and an incurable complaint often establishes itself. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and

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A DREAM-LOVE.

Say, love, art thou not a vision?

Such as summer hours Elysian

Bred within the poet's brain?

Nay, a mouth of such completeness,

Eyes of such bewitching flame,

Girls so garnered round with sweetness

Never did a poet frame.

Vampires, basilisks, chimeras,

Dragons, monsters, all the dire

Creatures of the fable era,

Quicken in the poet's fire.

But thyself, so artful artless,

Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,

With their looks so fond, so heartless,

Never poet could devise.

The Fourteenth.

We all know of the old superstition that it is ominous for thirteen people to sit down to table together. Even now, it is something that very sensible people do not like to do, and in France, a hundred years ago, it was not to be thought of; and there were men of gentle appearance who kept by them a dinner dress and hired themselves out to hosts who found it impossible otherwise to avoid the fatal number; so that quatorze, or fourteenth, was actually a calling.

When Madame Verne's granddaughter Hortense was betrothed to Monsieur Moran, it became necessary to celebrate the occasion by a little family supper. No strangers were to be asked—grand-mamma, grandpapa, papa, since his wife's death had led to a sort of bachelor's life in Paris, leaving his little girl with her grandparents; the married sister, Madame Noir, and her husband, M. Moran, and the aunts, and the uncles, and cousins generally were to come; no one else. But when Madame Verne had counted them all, she found, to her horror, that they numbered thirteen. Something must be done. She betwought herself to invite Monsieur Roden, the priest, who had christened little Hortense. Surely that was suitable.

So M. Roden was invited, and all went well until two days before the supper when an unimportant young cousin betwought him to break a limb, and reduced the party again to thirteen. The time was short, but Madame made the best of it. She invited the musician, who accepted with delight. It was certainly proper that one who had taught the pretty Hortense so many years should be of the party. Matters were arranged once more so that Death should have no chance to count his own at that table, when a message came to Uncle Pierre which demanded his presence elsewhere. Again there were thirteen guests, and but half a day remaining. Madame Verne was equal to the emergency. She sent a note to a dear old gentleman of her acquaintance, representing the supper as an important affair, and begging him to come. And now all was well again. The fourteenth guest was in the house, and the rest were arriving. The ladies were adding the finishing touches to their toilettes in the dressing-room, and Hortense, all blushes, was receiving the congratulations of her friends, when suddenly screams were heard to resound through the house.

The maiden aunt, Mademoiselle Rosine, had caught her dress on fire. It was extinguished before she was hurt, but the dress was spoiled, her nerves upset, and she could not and would not remain to supper. Away she went in her carriage, and there were the guests awaiting the supper, and there was the supper awaiting the guests, who were again thirteen.

Madame Verne was in despair. How could she go to a friend and say, "We did not mean to ask you to sup with us, but we are thirteen; come, and make haste, for it is on the table."

Plainly she could neither do this, ask one of her guests to depart, nor stay away herself. A quatorze must be had; but how and where on so short notice? Suddenly Madame Verne remembered her notary. Surely a man who had transacted all the family business would do them the little favor of saving a life. A carriage was yet at the door. She tossed on a hood and shawl and hurried into it.

"Drive to No. 9 Rue Royale," she said to the coachman, "as fast as you can."

The coachman obeyed. It was only five minutes' ride to the building in which the notary's office was located—a many-storied edifice, of which he occupied the second floor. On the first were situated the apartments of M. Moran—Hortense's betrothed husband. As she hurried past her door, Madame Verne glanced toward them and saw a lady dressed in black, speaking to a servant, who at the same instant shut the door in her face.

Madame Verne, having mounted the stairs was doomed to a disappointment. The notary was in, but he was suffering from an attack of gout. He was in no condition to dine out. However, he could give her the directions of a quatorze, who, if he was disengaged, would be happy to hire himself out for supper-time. He wrote it on a piece of paper, and Madame hurried down stairs. As she reached the foot, however, she paused. A woman, dressed in black, sat upon the lower one, rocking herself to and fro, and moaning. Madame Verne had a kind heart. She paused, stooped down, touched the figure upon the shoulder, and said, "My poor child, what is the matter?"

As she spoke, a face, beautiful, sweet,

and not past twenty, was lifted to hers; but there came no answer.

"This is an odd place to find a girl alone," thought Madame, "but she must be a lady. I cannot mistake her expression."

She spoke again.

"Are you hurt? Have you fallen down these steep stairs?"

Then the girl spoke.

"Oh, you look so kind!" she said—"so good! perhaps you will advise me. I have come from the country; I am an orphan; I have no relatives; I came to find a friend who promised me everything; I cannot. I know no one here. Yesterday I spent my last coin. Is there anything for me but the river? I know there is not. But you look kind, and I—I could not help telling you."

"The river—nonsense!" said Madame. "You will find your friend, or you can go back to your old home, can you not? We are not heathens here in Paris; we will not let you starve. A girl so young should never have traveled alone; but you can return if you have the expenses for the journey, can you not?"

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said, "no, I can never go back."

"You have not been in the habit of working?" asked Madame. "You are a lady?"

"I have never worked at anything," she answered. "My father died two months ago. He was a surgeon. But I would work gladly. I would do anything to earn my bread."

"At least you shall earn your supper," she said. "Come with me."

She hurried the girl into the carriage, and drove away with her, explaining as they rode the emergency in which she found herself.

"You will wear a dress of my granddaughter's," she said, "a black lace which may be thrown over your own. Your splendid black hair needs only the brush, and I will pin a rose in it. To-morrow I will find you some employment. I believe in faces, madam, and I know you are a lady and an innocent one. No one can deceive me, and so I trust as others dare not."

And with these words she led the girl into her home and up-stairs into her own apartment, where she adorned the quatorze in haste, and led her to the table—the loveliest guest there, far lovelier than even the golden-haired Hortense.

Absorbed in her duties as hostess, Madame Verne did not notice, as the others did, a strange thing that took place as M. Moran seated himself and glanced towards the strange guest. As their eyes met each turned deathly pale, and each seemed to find it impossible to look away. It was M. Moran, who slowly and with an effort turned his head towards his betrothed, and seemed to release the eyes of the dark lady who had been introduced into the company as Mademoiselle Angeline.

It was a delightful supper. Every one had something pleasant to say. There were toasts to propose, and good wishes to make. Perhaps it was but natural that the prospective bridegroom should be modestly silent. Silent he was, at all events, and sat with his face fixed in one direction, turned away from the quatorze.

Once only did the strange girl speak in a whisper to Madame Verne.

"This is a betrothal feast, Madame?"

"Yes, my child."

"Your granddaughter, the beautiful young lady opposite, is to marry M. Octave Moran?"

"Precisely in two months."

After this she said nothing more.

The feast went on. At last they were about to leave the table, and the old grandfather rose. He had something to say to the young couple. All looked towards him as he rose. No matter what the first words were—you can guess. Loving ones for the little ones so soon to leave him. Kind admonitions to him who was about to take her into his keeping; but he ended thus: "But I give her to you gladly, my dear Octave."

He paused and looked at the table, but no one was looking at him. As he uttered the last sentence, Octave Moran had slowly turned his face as though by some mesmeric influence towards the quatorze. Their eyes had met and fixed in a strange stare; the other guests were all staring at them.

Suddenly Octave Moran started to his feet and dashed out of the room.

There were thirteen at the table. And then what happened?

Something flashed in the hand of the pale woman at whom all gazed, and she fell forward upon the table.

When they lifted her they found a dagger buried in her heart.

Death had been more prompt with his thirteen than usual.

They found over her dead bosom that night a miniature of Octave Moran, a lock of hair, and a little golden cross soft as down, and in her pocket some letters. That was all; but Hortense never married Monsieur Moran.

Woman.

Shrink not from a woman of strong sense; for if she becomes attached to you it is from seeing and viewing the different qualities in yourself; you may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason and consideration of affection; her love is lasting and it will not have been lightly bestowed; for weak minds are not capable of the loftiest grades of passion.

An Old Walter's Stories—Famous New Yorkers whom He Served—Their Habits as to Dinner.

An old New York waiter, who had been employed in leading restaurants a great many years, was interviewed by a reporter, to whose interrogatories he replied as follows:

"Did you ever see old John Jacob Astor?"

"Only once, sir. He was a feeble man when I saw him, but his son, William, used to lunch regular with Clark and Brown. You see, sir, we had little boxes in those days. They all opened in front on the passage, sir, but they were partitioned off so that nobody could see his neighbor. And most of the waiters yelled, sir. I suppose I've heard 'em say 'Plum-bob' more than 500 times a day in tones so loud, sir, as would scare a hawk. The great dishes were steak and onions, plum pudding, with wine and sugar sauces, strawberry shortcake, and devilled kidneys. It's astonishing how thin things go by fashions."

"Will fashion soon drive the trade up-town?"

"Not very soon, sir. Why, it wasn't many years ago when Mr. Hallock, of the *Journal of Commerce*, Gen. Webb, of the *Courier*, and Mr. Beach, of the *Sun*, used to take a bite with us. How different then men was, sir."

"Yes, how?"

"Well, Mr. Hallock looked like a minister. He always wore black, and was never fashionable, sir. He was very gentle, sir, and I always thought that he must have been well brought up, sir. But Gen. Webb was a stunner. He had a great deal of hair and a large tummy, and you'd think he was a real general to hear him talk, sir. It was a rare sight to see him lift his hat, sir. Gloves always. And he was very neat, and at times generous. I remember he gave me a dollar one time, and he seemed particularly grand and splendid, and I will pin a rose in it. To-morrow I will find you some employment. I believe in faces, madam, and I know you are a lady and an innocent one. No one can deceive me, and so I trust as others dare not."

"How about Mr. Beach?"

"I don't know, sir. Mr. Beach was a man, sir, if I may so speak, who always seemed out of place, sir. He was a great hand for pork and beans and apple dumplings with both sauces, sir; but that I could find it in my heart to blame any man for liking them dumplings, sir, for they certainly were splendid."

"Were you ever in Delmonico's?"

"Not in his new place, but I was in his Chamber Street place a long time, sir. Mr. Siro is very particular, sir, so is Mr. Charles. The old man I never saw but once. A man's always sure of his wages at Delmonico's, and it's the best place for fees in the country. The little gent who traveled with the Prince of Wales and paid his bills gave \$5 after a lunch. The biggest I ever got was one day after Tweed. Connolly, Hall and two lawyers had been in No. 8 for five hours. I stayed three hours after my time was up to wait on 'em. As they came out Mr. Hall slipped something in my hand. When I went in the room I slung my napkin under my arm and looked at it. It was three five-dollar bills, sir. I ran down stairs quick, sir. They were standing in the doorway with Mr. Siro, who was smoking, as always, a cigarette. 'Can I speak to you, sir?' says I to Mr. Hall. 'Certainly, William,' says he, as polite as a basket. 'What's up?' Then I told him I feared he had made a mistake, and handed him the three fives. He took them, never said a word, opened his wallet, took out a bill, rolled it over the three fives, handed 'em to me, put his finger on his nose, and walked away to the door. He had rolled a tenner over the fives, so I had \$25 for my pains, sir."

"Well, that was generous."

"Yes, sir, and I often think of it, sir. He was a thoughtful person, sir. Mr. Hall was, and I never like to hear him run down, sir. One of our regulars was Mr. Stewart's chief partner, Mr. Libbey, and a nice man, too. He always came in at a certain time, had a certain seat, ordered his lunch quietly, accepted it as it was, made no fuss, put his check with ten cents to the waiter, said 'Good day,' and went out."

"But Judge Barnard was the man. One day he came in and walked to a table where another judge, an editor, and an actor were sitting. As he sat down he ordered champagne cocktails for the crowd. Then he ordered a chop for himself. Bottle after bottle came, popped and went. 'Now said he,' the fellow who has the most cash in his pocket shall pay for the dinners.' The other judge showed up \$15, the editor \$22 and some change, but the actor brought out \$150 in cash and a check for \$500 signed by John J. Cisco & Co. 'I pay,' says Judge Barnard, as he showed \$75 in money and a city warrant for \$1,250. The actor said 'No,' because a warrant wasn't cash. Finally Mr. Siro was appealed to, and he said: 'Well, if Mr. Siro asks me to accept of that \$500 check I shall do it, consequently it is cash; and if Judge Barnard asks me to cash his \$1,250 warrant I shall do it, consequently he must pay the bill. Of course, it made a great laugh in the room, and after another bottle they separated."

"Did you ever wait on young Mr. Bennett?"

"Yes, often, sir. He had a way in cold weather of now and then coming to the place. He'd walk in quick, pull a chair before the fire, and read the papers. First he'd warm one side, sir,

and then the other. Then he'd say: 'Eugene, breakfast.' Eugene was the head waiter, sir, a nice man and very rich, sir. Then Eugene would order and I generally served it, sir. He never paid for anything, it was always charged, sir. That's the way Mr. Hall and many others did, sir. I saved the bother of handling money, but it was hard on us, sir, for there was rarely any change for the waiter, sir. One of the odd people was a priest. He used to come in at eleven and stay till two. He always took the best seat by the fireplace and read the papers. He always had tea and bread and butter. Sometimes he had a bit of steak, sir. At first he was a curiosity, then a nuisance, but finally a fixture, and we should have been lonely without him."

Black Bread.

Inseparably allied with everything that is Russian is the principal article of the national diet—black bread. In truth, it really deserves the appellation that has been accorded it, being more like a large oat cake than the familiar baker's loaf, and having a color approaching nearer brown than black. It is made of rye flour, and in the shape of a gigantic bun, rarely ever weighing less than ten or twelve pounds. In appearance it is very solid and bears a glossy surface suggestive of polished mahogany, with a crumbly interior that instantly recalls to mind Tom Hood's couplet about "house made bread, heavy as lead." It has a sourish taste, like that of a dumpling warmed up by the process of baking, and usually adheres to the teeth with a mealy kind of stickiness, which in the villages is varied by the presence of grit. That black bread is not a pleasant kind of food is proved by the proverb about "never eating black bread when you can get white."

It is altogether an acquired taste, no foreigner ever being able to touch it until he has been in Russia many months. Sometimes he fails entirely to acquire the national taste, and even if he does overcome his repugnance he mostly restricts his consumption of black bread to seasons of traveling, or to occasional use with soup. For the present, rye bread is the staple article of diet, being eaten in the morning with millet porridge, in the afternoon with cabbage soup, and again in the evening with either one or the other. It contains a good deal of nutriment, but not so much as oatmeal, which latter is altogether unknown in Russia; and is attended by the drawback of being productive of diarrhea, in hot weather. Its inability to produce constitutional stamina is well known, and already several correspondents have remarked how rapidly seemingly strong healthy men sink under a surgical operation. The best black bread is that called Soldatski Klairb, or soldiers' bread, being that made by the government or by contractors for government. It is much cleaner and better baked than that usually supplied by storekeepers, and from this fact is greatly esteemed by the upper classes. Two pounds of this klairb, with a quarter of a pound of meat and some onions, constitute the ration of the Russian soldier. Miller, buckwheat and vegetables are added, according to the district he may be in. From the meat and cabbage and cucumbers he constructs a soup, which, like his bread, is palatable to no one but himself, but which he eats with a relish an epicure might envy.

The Legion of Honor.

The Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor has had a list drawn up of the members belonging to the Legion on the first day of this year. At that date there were 70 wearers of the Grand Cross, 267 grand officers, 1,317 commanders, 6,434 officers, and 51,128 chevaliers or companions—in all 59,208 members. A certain number of these are in receipt of annual pay; 41 wearers of the Grand Cross receive \$600 each, or \$24,000; 185 grand officers receive \$400 each, or \$74,000; 632 commanders receive \$200 each, or \$126,400; 6 officers receive \$200 each, or \$1,200; 4,817 officers receive \$

King Lanfrey I.
To rise from the humble position of pedagogue and gardener's son, to reign for a time as King of the Marianne Isles, in the Spanish Main, and, from his dream of power, awaken in a Police Court to the reality of a cruel deception was the unhappy fate of Antoine Lanfrey, of Grenoble, France. He was the victim of a lot of Parisian *chevaliers d'industrie*. An honest fellow enough, and, one, ordinarily, with wit at command, he fell without suspicion into the trap laid for him. One day in the early part of 1876, the dull routine of the gardener's home was broken by the arrival of an elaborate official letter addressed to young Lanfrey. It was covered with seals and heraldic devices, and signed by Ferdinand, late King of the Marianne Islands. That royal public functionary had slipped into the silent tomb without issue, but, anxious that he should be properly succeeded, had, before his death, as may hardly be necessary to explain, taken pains to ascertain who of the royal blood was most worthy to sit upon the throne of the Mariannes. This person he found was Antoine Lanfrey, and he commanded that in the fullness of time Antoine should be summoned to the Isles, there to espouse his great-niece Marie Augustine, and give to his beloved people a continuation of that mild and benedict rule which had made the Mariannes the most blessed among the Nations of the earth. The royal decree was forwarded to the fortunate heir by Louise de Contemont, niece of the buried majesty of the Mariannes, and mother of the charming girl who had waited Lanfrey's arrival to become his bride. She implored Antoine to hasten to his dominions and assume the scepter temporarily in her grasp. His people, his bride, and the Provisional Council presented their dutiful and humble regards, and begged that he would soon appear to claim his own.

The old gardener shook his head skeptically as he heard the tale unfolded. He even suggested doubts as to the existence of the Mariannes as a sovereign power, and made so bold as to assert that Ferdinand was a fraud, and that Spain would have more to say about the government of the Islands than any pretty Countess with a daughter's hand at her disposal. But young Lanfrey, like honest Sancho, was all aflame with the prospect of governing an island. He believed in the genuineness of the documents, pointed out his future Kingdom on the map, and was royally backed by his mother, who was nothing loath to exchange a gardener's cottage for an insular palace, even of those air-drawn kinds peculiar to the unsubstantial architecture of Spain. The mother and the son were not slow to tell of the good fortune of the latter, and the strange business was soon the talk of the country side.

The niece-recent had not included even a married in her official letter, and young Lanfrey was not in a position financially to set sail for his dominions, but he speedily found that he might lord it in France. The conspirators, discarded clergymen and knights of their wits who made Paris their home, soon surrounded him with obsequious proffers of service. They brought no gold, but they promised eternal fidelity, and Lanfrey freely gave them all he had to give, and all they seemed to seek, titles and decorations galore. How did these titleless titles and empty gawds help him? An English journal explains:

"Nothing is more useful to the Parisian scamp than a good sounding title. Even at home, some swindler is constantly making profit out of that love of a Lord which is so well known a characteristic of certain classes of Englishmen. An unknown person of good address who calls himself Lord Fitzhugh, and refers with an airy manner to his father, the Earl of Longears, is trusted with jewelry, clothes, provisions, everything. If a real Lord gets votes purely and simply because he is a Lord, why should not a sham one get good without paying for them? Such swindling is merely the shady side of that love of rank which enriches our Legislature with young men who don't know what County Boards are, and don't care. In France titles go as far as with us, or further, and the Frenchman does not suspect Counts, Marquises, Grand Chancellors of foreign creation. Lanfrey was the fountain of honor to a score of needy knaves, who did not care to run the risk of actually taking titles for themselves out of their own will and fantasy."

The most active of the rogues about King Antoine was one Lanfranchi, who, claiming finance as his strong point, was given the portfolio of the Treasury of the Mariannes. Lanfranchi might improve his King's financial affairs. No man could leave them in a more hopeless way than Lanfranchi found them, for the King, a school master no longer, had no means of livelihood save those of the sturdy old gardener, who, though a King's father, stood honestly by his hoe. Lanfranchi promised great things, and the brighter he pictured the prospect the freer became Lanfrey with his titles and his benefices. Lanfranchi was commissioned Grand Chancellor of the Mariannes; Baron; Grand Master of the Royal Order of Saint-Saviour. One Roth was entrusted with the leases of the dogs of war. One Peretti became Captain and sole soldier of the guards. Bidot, a silenced priest and a mad man, was in charge of the royal conscience and was royally rewarded with the promise of the Primacy. Unknown to his King he had visited the Court of St. James and induced Queen Victoria to promise English protection to the young monarch, and for this splendid service he asked, but, since the King was dead broke, didn't receive, a little matter of £400. He contented himself, however, with a patent under the royal seal creating him Duc de Bouillon, and Bishop and Primate of the Isles.

The servants of Lanfrey I. never presented their credentials to the Duc de Cazes, but in a certain part of Paris they consorted themselves for their exclusion from Versailles. Their titles and

other decorations won them welcome and credit among a number of tradesmen. One small capitalist was proud to loan them money. A photographer delighted to take their counterfeit presentments at his own cost. The butchers and the bakers were so honored by such distinguished customers that they failed to present their bills. Lanfrey's mistresses were getting on gayly, and the King himself was dreaming of the happy day that would make him Lord of the Isles in fact as in name, when the Parisian police put an end to the sorry business. Lanfrey's Cabinet went to prison for long terms, and Lanfrey himself, his eyes opened by the Judge, laid down the imaginary scepter to again wield the substantial birch.

Decision of a Will.
A very rich merchant, who had an only son, made a will by which he left all his property, amounting to three hundred thousand francs, to some monks, who were to give his son such a sum as they wished. After the death of the merchant the monks took possession of all the money, without offering any to the son, who, being displeased at this, brought the monks before the vicar. Having read the will, he asked them what sum of money they wished to give the son. They answered: "Six thousand francs." He asked them: "What do you wish to do with what remains?" They replied: "We wish to keep that," they exclaimed, "because it is ours by right." "But you do not understand the will properly," said the vicar, "for it says you are to give the son the sum which you wish to have. The six thousand francs are therefore yours, and the rest belongs to the son." With this decision the monks had to be satisfied; for, in trying to get all, they lost nearly all. There was no release from the vicar's decision. Crying was of no use; they had to submit.

Two Harmless Doses That Make One Poison.
Chlorate of potassium and iodide of potassium are both entirely harmless in suitable doses. Further, each of them in solution, even at a boiling heat. Yet it has been proved that, when they are administered together, they do combine to form a deadly poison. M. Messens found that dogs could take the chlorate or iodide in doses from five to seven grammes with impunity, but that if they were given both of them in a few days, with the symptoms of poisoning by iodate of potassium. This combination must therefore be avoided. Indeed, as a general rule, the chlorate must not be given, as it cannot safely be combined with any substance capable of oxidation. —*American Journal of Pharmacy.*

Engine "Spurts."
There are numerous instances of collisions and other marine casualties on record, from which it would appear that the danger might have been avoided had there been more care in the use of the engine. In one case, a steamer, while developing a sudden and great increase of power in the engines for a brief length of time. A long and heavily laden steamer, for example, is not easily in solution in order to get down and quiet the pulse we give them from twenty-five to forty drops (according to the urgency of the case) every three or four hours, each depending upon the hold of the case as soon as the first symptoms are noticed. In one or two cases we have administered a second dose of the purgative medicine, but it is better to make the first dose heavy than to give a second one. An experienced Chester county dairyman says that he has found coal oil to be a very excellent remedy for milk fever in cows. He first tried it some time ago, when one of his cows was down with the disease, very much swollen, and no hope whatever of the animal recovering. He gave her a third of a pint of the oil, and in that an hour the swelling began to subside, and the cow showed a decidedly improved appearance and took a drink of water. Giving the water he thinks was a mistake, as soon after taking it she became worse; the coal oil was again administered and the cow got well. Recently another animal was attacked. This time he gave her half a pint of the oil, and in an hour the swelling began to subside, and the cow showed a decidedly improved appearance and took a drink of water. Giving the water he thinks was a mistake, as soon after taking it she became worse; the coal oil was again administered and the cow got well. Recently another animal was attacked. This time he gave her half a pint of the oil, and in an hour the swelling began to subside, and the cow showed a decidedly improved appearance and took a drink of water. Giving the water he thinks was a mistake, as soon after taking it she became worse; the coal oil was again administered and the cow got well.

Hors as a Crop.
The Rural New Yorker gives the following directions as to the harvesting of this crop. "Both the quality and value of hops are impaired if leaves and stems are mingled with them. Pick each hop singly and separate the clusters. Set apart or reject all discolored, poor, and rust-smitten hops, and wherever this is impossible, thoroughly mix the whole pile before baling, to secure uniform quality. Never pack green and brown hops together, unless you mean to injure the value of your goods. Be very careful in drying your hops. Those too much dried or scorched lose their rich flavor and aroma, while those not sufficiently dried will heat when baled and become worthless. Bale on a rainy day, as the hops are then most pliable and pack better. Let each bale be neat and trim; for in hops, as in butter, bad packages lower the price of the best of goods. Well pressed bales sample better. While in session at Charlottesville, Tradition has it that the members were induced for their escape to the thieving properties of Tarleton's own soldiers. It is related that the dashing cavalry leader called on Dr. Walker at "Castle Hill," and ordered breakfast. After waiting some time he complained that the cook was not as brisk as she might be, and the doctor went to the kitchen to "hurry up the cakes." He was informed that breakfast had been cooked twice, and as often consumed by the soldiers, who, as hungry wolves, had made a rush for the smoking viands. Tarleton at once placed a guard at the entrance of the kitchen, and in due time sat down to a comfortable meal with the soldiers. The members of the Legislature, availing themselves of this timely information, adjourned unanimously and made tracks for Staunton. Colonel John Archer had a few mounted men in town, and was the last who attempted to escape. He was cut down near the Stone tavern, then the residence of Dr. George Gilmer whose wife went to Tarleton at the head of his troops, and asked that the gallant Colonel Archer, the friend of her husband, might be brought into her house. Her request was cheerfully complied with, and a guard placed at the door. Colonel Archer was carefully nursed and recovered. On his death bed he called upon William S. Archer and Dr. Branch Archer to his side, and charged them ever to regard Dr. Gilmer and his family with the same affection bestowed on those of their own blood. The gentleman who relates this incident traveled with Dr. Archer in 1832, and had the statement from him.

A Curious Underground Railway Accident.
In the open country, when unfenced road crossings are frequent, it is easy for cattle to stray upon the track from causes which take place. But that a disaster should occur upon an underground railway in the heart of a great city, seems almost incredible. However, what the actual fact recently, in New York, the scene of the accident being within the central tunnel of the Harlem Underground Railway, Fourth avenue, near 57th street, the New York and Boston express train was at that point approaching the station at 42d street half a mile distant, when the engineer discovered four wild bulls upon the track. The locomotive struck the animals and was thrown from the track. The passengers were greatly terrified and jarred, but no person was injured. All the animals were killed. It appears that they belonged to a herd of wild Texan cattle which was being driven across the city; and on passing the level ground near the Grand Central Depot, in front of the tunnel, the herd, consisting of four animals suddenly wheeled and dashed off into the middle tunnel on a full gallop and encountered the locomotive as stated. It is evident that the tunnel, which the underground railway need to be better guarded. Perhaps some ingenious person can devise a system of gates to be operated by the cars.

Milk Fever.
This disease, which is becoming more common, causes no little loss to the dairymen, and seems not to be very well understood. The remedy tried in the case described above, but few of them seem to be effective. In the treatment of our own dairy we have been very successful in administering the following medicine. As soon as the first symptoms are noticed, give one ounce of some salts, two tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, one handful of salt, and one pint of molasses, all mixed in as small an amount of water as will hold them in solution. In order to get down and quiet the pulse we give them from twenty-five to forty drops (according to the urgency of the case) every three or four hours, each depending upon the hold of the case as soon as the first symptoms are noticed. In one or two cases we have administered a second dose of the purgative medicine, but it is better to make the first dose heavy than to give a second one. An experienced Chester county dairyman says that he has found coal oil to be a very excellent remedy for milk fever in cows. He first tried it some time ago, when one of his cows was down with the disease, very much swollen, and no hope whatever of the animal recovering. He gave her a third of a pint of the oil, and in that an hour the swelling began to subside, and the cow showed a decidedly improved appearance and took a drink of water. Giving the water he thinks was a mistake, as soon after taking it she became worse; the coal oil was again administered and the cow got well. Recently another animal was attacked. This time he gave her half a pint of the oil, and in an hour the swelling began to subside, and the cow showed a decidedly improved appearance and took a drink of water. Giving the water he thinks was a mistake, as soon after taking it she became worse; the coal oil was again administered and the cow got well.

Dipping Acid for Brucis.
A dipping acid for brucis is a mixture of either nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and muriate of ammonia, or sal ammoniac. There is no certain rule by which to mix the acids. The bath is composed mostly of nitric acid, but a little sulphuric and muriate of ammonia being present in inferior qualities. The mixture must be so strong that a momentary immersion will be sufficient to make the work bright and clear. To remove the acid, wash in hot water; and to dry the work, imbue it in fine hot sawdust. Heating the work before dipping will remove the oil or grease, which must be removed, or the work will not set effectively or satisfactorily.

Filling for Cracked Ceilings.
Whiting mixed with glue water or calcined plaster of paris makes a good putty for filling cracks in plastered ceilings.

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The Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle says:—It is well known that during the Revolutionary war the British Colonel Tarleton came very near capturing the Virginia Legislature, then in session at Charlottesville. Tradition has it that the members were induced for their escape to the thieving properties of Tarleton's own soldiers. It is related that the dashing cavalry leader called on Dr. Walker at "Castle Hill," and ordered breakfast. After waiting some time he complained that the cook was not as brisk as she might be, and the doctor went to the kitchen to "hurry up the cakes." He was informed that breakfast had been cooked twice, and as often consumed by the soldiers, who, as hungry wolves, had made a rush for the smoking viands. Tarleton at once placed a guard at the entrance of the kitchen, and in due time sat down to a comfortable meal with the soldiers. The members of the Legislature, availing themselves of this timely information, adjourned unanimously and made tracks for Staunton. Colonel John Archer had a few mounted men in town, and was the last who attempted to escape. He was cut down near the Stone tavern, then the residence of Dr. George Gilmer whose wife went to Tarleton at the head of his troops, and asked that the gallant Colonel Archer, the friend of her husband, might be brought into her house. Her request was cheerfully complied with, and a guard placed at the door. Colonel Archer was carefully nursed and recovered. On his death bed he called upon William S. Archer and Dr. Branch Archer to his side, and charged them ever to regard Dr. Gilmer and his family with the same affection bestowed on those of their own blood. The gentleman who relates this incident traveled with Dr. Archer in 1832, and had the statement from him.

A MARE'S SAGACITY.
A Cleveland man writes as follows concerning a mare of his: "I have a spot in my stable that slides down from above. This spot has a division in the center, one side for oats and the other for ground feed, and there is a box below that catches all that comes down. Each year this division has a slide so that one can draw down what amount is wanted and then shut it up. This slide projects out one and a half inches. My mare will go to the feed box, and let out what oats she thinks she will want and then shut it up. When she has got all the oats she wishes, she will draw down the ground feed and let it shut it up as before. When she has eaten enough she will go to her stall and stand there as innocent as a lamb."

FRESH MEAT FROM NEW BONES.
Take half a barrel of fresh bones, set them in your poultry yard, let the flies have access to them for half a day, then cover them over with six inches of straw; in forty-eight hours afterwards, the fresh meat spoken of above will commence making its appearance in the shape of myriads of worms, forcing their way through the cracks of the barrel, and will be eagerly sought after by the poultry, to their own and your mutual benefit. —*Poultry World.*

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A MARE'S SAGACITY.
A Cleveland man writes as follows concerning a mare of his: "I have a spot in my stable that slides down from above. This spot has a division in the center, one side for oats and the other for ground feed, and there is a box below that catches all that comes down. Each year this division has a slide so that one can draw down what amount is wanted and then shut it up. This slide projects out one and a half inches. My mare will go to the feed box, and let out what oats she thinks she will want and then shut it up. When she has got all the oats she wishes, she will draw down the ground feed and let it shut it up as before. When she has eaten enough she will go to her stall and stand there as innocent as a lamb."

FRESH MEAT FROM NEW BONES.
Take half a barrel of fresh bones, set them in your poultry yard, let the flies have access to them for half a day, then cover them over with six inches of straw; in forty-eight hours afterwards, the fresh meat spoken of above will commence making its appearance in the shape of myriads of worms, forcing their way through the cracks of the barrel, and will be eagerly sought after by the poultry, to their own and your mutual benefit. —*Poultry World.*

DOMESTIC.
How to Improve an Old Bureau.
If any of our readers have an old-fashioned bureau, very old and plain, without veneering, such as our great-grandmothers used, we can tell them how to improve it. First, get it painted black, have it well done by a competent workman, and let the first coat be rubbed in with sandpaper. Then the second coat of black will be smooth and glossy. When it is thoroughly dry you can proceed to ornament it with pictures of birds, flowers, butterflies, etc., carefully gummed on and arranged to taste with the color. You will find the pictures generally sold in stationers' stores under the name of "Scrap Book pictures" are best for your purpose, and they cost very little. If you take pains with your work you will find it quite Oriental in its effect, and you will wish for more bureaus to ornament. Try one at any rate. Any plain, old-fashioned light-stand or table may be adorned in the same way. 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VOLUME XII.

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JAN 25-73-17

In the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

All who have made the descent of the rapids above Montreal will conclude with Dr. Lyman Abbott that "there is real danger in it." Of the Indian pilot, he says:

"He was the first man to take a steamboat over these rapids. For thirty years he has been driving these steeds down this rocky and dangerous road, and he knows the path well. But I notice that while we are in the rapids his face is in dead earnest, the eye keen, the lips set, the muscles tense; and when we are passed a laugh breaks over his face, as if at once he realized the triumph of doing well a difficult duty."

The passage is described as follows:

"The previous ones are rapids; this is almost a little cataract. Before we saw the waves beat into foam upon the rocks; once we discerned the rocks beneath the foam; but here they push their sharp and cruel heads above the waters. These pour about them and over them, but always in the one direction: never with returning wave. Now we no longer seem to be in a miniature storm current, but in the very heart of a rocky cataract. The tortuous channel is bounded by visible rocks on the one side and on the other. The captain requests the passengers to keep their places; moving to and fro may throw the steamer out of her course and into danger. The pilot holds her head firmly for the rock that threatens to pierce her strong sheering through until almost within reach from the lower deck, then, with a sudden turn, swings her round, cheats the rock, and aims for her greedy fellow on the other side. So, veering from Scylla to Charybdis, we pass the last rapids."

STRANGE SIGHTS.

Once taking a stroll in the forest range, There occurred a thing which I thought strange; A hutsman slowly by the lake's side Backwards and forwards saw I ride. Poor, as they appear past, headed he not, Nor raised his arm for a single shot, But from his brass bugle a loud blast sent. Now, say, good people, what could it have meant? And as deeper into the wood I strode, A stranger sight yet did I behold! A girl in a little boat piloted her car, Bowed inwards towards the shore. Fish in the sunset glow saw she none, Nor threw her line to a single one. But a verse from a song to the wild winds sent, Now, say good people, what could it have meant? And coming homewards at chill night-fall (And this was the strangest sight of all), A lonely house, to meet me, strayed; Round an empty boat the fishes played; And as I came under the willow trees Two were whispering there in the evening breeze, I wondered much as I homeward went. Now, tell me, good people, what could it have meant?

News from a Knot-Hole.

Mrs. Jenkins lived in the other part of Rev. Mr. Capers' house, and thought herself fortunate in the enjoyment of so great a privilege. Most people like to be as near the minister as they can. Mrs. Jenkins did. Her part was merely an L built on the main structure. Her little attic, therefore, was near neighbor to the minister's study. Just in the corner of the minister's study floor was a knot-hole, a trifling sort of thing in itself, but when once found to open into Mrs. Jenkins' attic, of the widest importance in its consequences.

When Mrs. Jenkins finally became aware of so close a connection with the minister's family she sat down to fold her hands and congratulate herself. Next she formed her resolution not to let any good opportunity slip unimproved to inform herself of matters that otherwise might remain in the dark to her. Day after day, therefore, her ear and that knot-hole renewed their acquaintance with one another. Sometimes she picked up quite a little bunch of news; and sometimes she went down stairs as hungry as ever. There was as much variation from day to day as there is in the price of stocks on exchange.

Going up into her little attic one afternoon to hear if anything special was doing in the adjoining apartment, she was delighted beyond expression to catch the sound of a voice. It was Mr. Capers in conversation with his wife. Up she climbed, walked tip-toe across the gutter floor, got down on her knees, and put her ear as close to the knot-hole as she could get it. She even shut her eyes, lest some of the good things should escape by that way.

For a while she did not understand anything clearly. Now she heard Mrs. Capers laugh; then Mr. Capers stopped a minute and laughed too. This served to excite her more, and she pressed her head so hard against the hard partition that when she came to go away she carried splinters in plenty in her hair.

Finally she heard something with distinctness. Mr. Capers was telling his wife, who appeared in the greatest glee, of a man who had been saying hard things to his wife. Said he in the course of his remarks:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do her any good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense to him. He should put an end to it at any and every hazard."

Mrs. Jenkins started up in blank surprise. "Now, I want to know," she said to herself, "if our minister says that of Mr. Jones?"

Without waiting to hear any more, Mrs. Jenkins folded her arms tightly and defiantly about her, and started down the stairs. The next thing she did was to throw off her "things," and start off at high speed for her friend's, Mrs. Tautog.

"Now I want to know!" said the latter, as Mrs. Jenkins came in through the back entrance. "Do tell, if that's you! Sit down, do. What's the word this afternoon? Heard anything very new lately?"

"Oh, well, no—I do no, either; p'raps it may be new to you, though."

"Why, what is it?" said she. "I dare say 'tis. I'm not in the way of hearing anything till everybody else has picked it clean. What is it?"

"Oh, well, nothing really worth mentioning. But then you may as well know as me. It's nothing, though, that I care to have go from me; you know I don't wish to be mixed up in this scrape."

"No, your name shall not be mentioned. But what is it, Mrs. Jenkins? What is it? Do, pray, tell me siddin', for I'm dyin' to know."

"It's no great affair after all, though. Still, it's something. But this is all there is to it—Mr. Jones has got to abusin' his wife most dreadfully; and he declares that if she thinks o' goin' out visitin' he'll surely shut her up where she can't get out soon."

"Of all things in the world!"

"Yes, and more than that; he's even gone and forbid her going to evenin' meetings. What do you think of such a man as that?"

"I think he's a monster!"

"And so do I. But that ain't quite

all. He jaws her all the time, abuses her, threatens her, and keeps her in mortal fear of her life! Only think of it!"

"How did you hear about it? I wonder if folks generally know it? How did you hear about it, I'm like to know?"

"Well, I'd as lief tell you as not, Mrs. Tautog, but then you must promise not to tell any one else about it."

"Oh, to be sure, now! What should I want to be gaddin' about the neighborhood a tellin' hard stories about respectable folks? Who did tell you, though?"

"Nobody told me, exactly; but I happen to know it come, in the first place, from the minister."

"You don't say so?"

"Mrs. Jenkins nodded in silence. 'Well, I do declare, now! Who'd ever a thought such a thing of Mr. Jones! But I've seemed to take notice back along, that his wife was a good down-hearted and sort o' melancholy, like. And that must be the reason; that explains it all.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's it."

The latter lady did not stay very long after unbosoming herself of her heavy secret, when off posted Mrs. Tautog, armed and equipped for the brave business he had in hand. The first house she dropped into was Mrs. Mallory's.

"Mrs. Mallory," she said, almost as soon as she was seated, "have you heard the news?"

"Why, no," said the astonished lady. "What is it, pray?"

And forthwith Mrs. Tautog narrated all that Mrs. Jenkins had been kind enough to tell her and more—saying nothing about the embellishments she laid on in the course of her story.

Mrs. Mallory was astonished, of course. And, as soon as her visitor had withdrawn, she donned her bonnet and shawl, and whips across to Mrs. Dinks. There the story was repeated with variations and considerable additions. Then Mrs. Dinks took it up. And then Mrs. Murray got interested in it, and then Mrs. Filpot, and so on (it'll everybody had got hold of it, and had talked it up, and had passed judgment on the man who was guilty of such gross malpractice towards his family. If it had stopped right there, perhaps it would have answered; but it didn't. It spread like a circle in the water, till in the end Mrs. Jones heard of it; and heard, of course, that the author of the story was the minister's own self.

The next thing to be done was for Mr. Jones and his family to leave Mr. Capers' church and go somewhere else. The clergyman was a good deal troubled about it, and sent his wife over to see if she could discover the cause. Mrs. Jones received her with a great deal of coldness, and seemed hardly civil. Unable to endure it any longer, Mrs. Capers asked the aggrieved lady frankly what the trouble was. Mrs. Jones, frankly told her; that was well, for now the latter knew exactly what the matter was, and what it was necessary to do.

Going home and imparting the intelligence to her husband, he manifested quite as much astonishment as she. He sat, thought it over awhile, in order the better to collect himself before taking a single step, and then started off direct for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr. Jones what he had just heard, and declared the whole of it an untruth from beginning to end. Mr. Jones went on with the minutest particulars connected with the affair, and making the most of his case in his power against the minister. Still the latter positively denied his guilt, and declared his determination to ferret out the author of so base a slander, if it was within human possibility. And he hurried back and set about it.

For some weeks it was a mystery still; he could get no clue to anything. It perplexed him beyond conception. Finally his wife came running down stairs one day, her face flushed and excited, and said to him under her breath, steadily breath:

"Mr. Capers, have you ever noticed that knot-hole in your study floor?"

"Why, no," said he, "where is it—and what of it?"

"Come up stairs and see."

And up they went together. She pointed to the tell-tale spot, and remarked in a whisper:

"I caught Mrs. Jenkins with her ear to that hole."

That was the first step toward the unravelment of the mystery. In a few days more the whole of it began to make out. He had sent his wife out to make further inquiries, and she brought back just such intelligence as he expected and required. And putting this and that together, and recalling certain ideas that up to that time had passed out of his mind altogether, he thought the matter was all explained at last. So he went to Mr. Jones once more.

"Come," said he, "if you will consent to go home with me for a short time, I think I can explain some things that have hitherto stood in the way of our friendship."

Mr. Jones did not happen to love malice well enough to refuse, and accordingly took a walk with the minister over to his residence. The latter at once took him up into his study, and shut the door.

"In the first place," said he, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Jenkins lives in the L?"

"Well, and you observe that knot-hole?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And this is my study."

"Where I pass the most of my time?"

"Yes."

"And where my wife often takes the liberty to come and sit with me?"

Mr. Jones said he understood that.

"Now, then," continued the clergyman, "I am in the habit of frequently reading aloud to her. And, once upon a time I happened to be reading from this very book!" (speaking up a volume of fiction from the bible), "and here is something from the same book that I am going to read to you." And he went on to read to Mrs. Jones several paragraphs, in which occurred the following:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do her any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense for him. He should put an end to it at any and every hazard!"

Mr. Jones burst out laughing. "Is that all?" said he, his face as red as the setting sun.

"That and the knot-hole," said Mr. Capers, smiling good-naturedly.

Mr. Jones offered him his hand. From that moment they were friends again. He went back to the church the next Sabbath, as he should have done. But Mrs. Jenkins has never heard the last of it.

The Responsibility of Architects and Builders.

A story is told of a retired architect in one of the provinces of France, who, induced by the requests of his neighbors, took up his pencil again, and prepared plans for a certain public building, but with the express understanding that he was not to be concerned in the erection thereof. While in process of construction the building fell, or some portion of it proved insecure; and the architect, notwithstanding the exceptional conditions of his service, was condemned under the strict law of France to fine and imprisonment. He was ruined in his eyes, and died before his release; and his funeral was attended by the principal architects of the country, and by a great army of his fellow-citizens, who desired in this manner to bear testimony to their sympathy and respect.

Doubtless the discipline of such laws, even though admitting of no discretion on the part of those who administer them, is to be attributed the gradual formation of those traditions of construction under which France now enjoys an almost complete immunity from such catastrophes as we have grievous occasion to record every week in this country. A profession carrying with it such grave responsibilities would not be eagerly embraced by half-instructed youths, who must needs complete their education at the expense of the indulgent relatives, friends or neighbors who employ them, who must be dependent upon the skill of the draughtsman, acting in the capacity of dry-nurse, and upon the honesty of contractors working after for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr. Jones what he had just heard, and declared the whole of it an untruth from beginning to end. Mr. Jones went on with the minutest particulars connected with the affair, and making the most of his case in his power against the minister. Still the latter positively denied his guilt, and declared his determination to ferret out the author of so base a slander, if it was within human possibility. And he hurried back and set about it.

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"In the first place," said he, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Jenkins lives in the L?"

"Yes."

Life among the Turks.

BY MRS. W. A. BENTON.

The Sacred Cats.—Where do those cats come from? What shall we do with them? They come down from the housetop, and will take the meat out of the kettle when it is over the *oujak* in the kitchen. We must contrive a way to poison some of them; they are regular thieves.

"You touch one of them cats," said Im Yusuf, holding up her hands in horror, and flinging all her chains and pendants of silver and gold and brass, which hung from her hair, neck and arms.

"You touch one of those cats, and it'll be death to all of us, that's sure truth, that. Don't you know they are from the Mosque. They are some of the sacred cats, and they don't need to steal; they are kept upon the fat of the sheep; but it's the nature of cats to steal, if they are holy."

"Im Yusuf, what do you mean by holy cats?"

"Mean by Holy cats? Why, the cats that live in the Mosque—there are as many as a hundred of them; they are kept in that Mosque with that tall minaret, one of the finest Mosques in the city. Don't you hear the call to prayer every morning? It is but a short walk from here. Not longer than it takes to smoke a cigarette. Would you like to go and see them?"

"Will they allow us to go in and see them?"

Im Yusuf laughed at the very idea. "Let us go in! no indeed! No Christian has ever crossed that doorstep, but we can look through the window near the door and see the seats and the devices."

"Well, I wish to go, and we will go this afternoon."

At the time appointed Im Yusuf donned her white *Esar*, which looked for all the world more like a winding sheet than anything else, and telling me that I must wear an *Esar*, or I could not go to the Mosque, and that she would carry little Willie on her shoulder, so he could take a "smell of air" at the same time.

How strange these streets do seem. Not a carriage or a vehicle of any kind but camels, horses, mules and donkey jostling their loads against each other, while men in their long cloaks of scarlet, or blue, or purple, and the ghost-like women enveloped in the great white sheets, dart in and out amongst the loaded animals, as they thread their way along the narrow, dirty street. Every now and then a dead dog, or the carcass of a donkey, is to be got over or got around in some way, while crowds of beggars in rags almost prevent your making the least head-way.

The shrill cry of the water peddler, "Artaf Allah, Artaf Allah, mo holler," "The gift of God, the gift of God, sweet water—those male skin sacks filled with muddy water from the river you would think not very sweet water, but it is the best we can get in Aleppo. Here we are at the Mosque of Sacred Cats; the performance is just at its height. Here are the dancing and the howling and the whirling dervises, and their howls and yells you would think enough to frighten any Christian cat out of her wits; but on satin cushions, all curled up, recline those holy Turkish cats, not in the least disturbed by all the howls and rumbles of the holy dervises."

In the midst of all the din and yell, and re-sounding far above it all, from more than three hundred minarets you hear the call to prayer—"is the arsa, about three o'clock. All the shopkeepers, all the men of all trades and professions, stop everything, wash their hands and lay down their little *prayer* toward Mecca, and say their prayers silently to Allah, kneeling in a great variety of positions. The Turkish women do not pray; they are not regarded as responsible beings, or as having souls, any more than these cats."

Just here the loud cries of a child started us, and turning away from where we had been looking at this Moslem performance, or Turkish prayer meeting, we noticed a little boy running and screaming after a young man, who held his cap by the silk tassel, and every time the little boy got near he held down the cap as if he was going to give it to him, and when the little fellow tried to take it he would give him a terrible kick and throw up the cap, and run a little way, calling out, "Now take your cap you Christian dog; why don't you take your old Christian cap?"

The scene was so rude and heartless that we called to the little boy, upon which the young Moslem threw the cap high in the air, and with a curse ran off.

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Thy servant's name is Abdallah," said the little boy, putting his hand to his heart and then to his lips, as he placed the little red cap on his head with his left hand.

"What is your father's name?"

"Thy servant, Najeeb the carpenter, is my father."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, lady."

"Would you like to learn to read and to write?"

"Oh, very much."

"If you will come to our house tomorrow we will take you to our mission school, and give you a little book."

His black eyes shone with delight.

He had never had a book. No one of his friends knew how to read.

This little Abdallah, or servant of God, as the name implies, became one of our best scholars, and was the means of introducing the truth of Jesus into a large circle of relatives. His father was converted and soon his mother became an earnest hearer of the word of life.—Watch.

A Legend of the "Country Fair."

The London letter of the Newark Advertiser says: From the untravelling districts there is, of course, no departure from the primitive drover system. And ancient there hangs a tale about a fair held at Crewkerne in Somerset:

In the ante railway days stock was wont to be driven from very distant places to this important fair, and it was the custom for the animals arriving on the day previously (an important point with the early worm catchers)—to be placed in fields near the town let out for the purpose. One of these fields ran along by a roadway forming one of the old and superseded entrances to the town—situated in a kind of ravine some 20 or 30 feet below the unprotected perpendicular side of the field. There were some old cottages along this sunken road, and one of them was occupied by an ancient Grewkernian and his dame, whose wholesome custom it was to retire to bed soon after dark.

This they did one third of September—the eve of what proved to be a memorable fair—and, almost simultaneously with their wooing Morpheus, sundry flocks and herds arrived for the morrow were driven into the fields overhead, including a couple of bulls which seemed to have mutually imbibed "hate at first sight" and to have straightway proceeded to combat. They were finally parted, but only temporarily, as it turned out, and the drovers, towards midnight, locked up the field gates and betook themselves to their hostels. Not an hour afterwards, as was deposited next day, the old couple were awakened by a tremendous shock upon the roof, and by the simultaneous presence in their bedroom of a couple of bulls with their horns locked in each other and their fighting powers in a highly developed state. These were the bulls which had commenced their antagonism at an earlier period, had afterwards renewed it, and in their mad tustings had tumbled over the edge of the field and down upon the cottage below—"locked in a warm embrace." The old couple were terribly frightened, believing themselves to be the recipients of visitors of a nameless character. They had hardly time to rush down the little staircase into the room below, when the bulls, undeterred by the fall, and still pushing and battling with each other, came crashing down the staircase also, and took possession of the room, from which the frightened old people had difficulty in escaping into the road—exclaiming, as they pulled the door behind them, and still filled with horror of the supernatural—"In the name of the Lord why troublest thou me?" Push, thrust, roar, went on the bulls in their restricted arena—ever and anon bumping like battering rams against the fragile walls, which soon gave way. The old people ran to raise an alarm, and on their return with help—lo and behold!—the cottage was a heap of ruins, and the bulls had vanished. They had either fought themselves out of sight or had been driven away by unknown hands. "God bless my soul!" the poor old proprietor could only exclaim—"who, when the old dumman I went to bed last night, ood a thought that we should a-bin out o' house an' whooam a fair day's mornin'?"

The Native Egyptian.

The Fellah wears but one garment, and suffers from cold in winter, for he has no fire and no bed clothes, except, perhaps, a kind of quilt. He lives on unleavened bread, sour milk, raw vegetables, but sometimes for weeks together has nothing but dried dates. In towns the food is sold ready cooked, and consists of different kinds of haricots and lentils. His house is roofless, except for a few canes laid across the low mud walls. It contains no furniture; but in Upper Egypt there is generally a mat at the door and a sort of raised divan made of mud. He can afford but one wife, who, like himself, has but one garment, and a hood or veil, while his children go naked. In this respect, indeed, travelers remark great poverty year by year. There is immense mortality among the children—partly, no doubt, from the dirt in which they are kept, as they are seven years old, but partly, also, from the absence of medical aid and the universal ignorance of the causes of disease. The women are in every respect inferior to the men. They are too poor to have employment; they have no stockings to darn, no linen to mend, no furniture or cooking implements to keep clean. They wash their one garment in the river, cleaning it with a piece of mud which acts like soap and pumice combined. They wear their bracelets and necklaces on the field where they pull corn or herd the cattle. They carry all the water required in their houses from the river in heavy jars, and sit long on the bank gossiping and catching fleas. Women in Egypt do not say prayers like the men, and have a soulless expression, which contrasts strangely with the intelligent and even noble look frequent among the husbands. Their highest idea of life consists in doing nothing.—Radical Review.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The bone-picker's motto is, "pro bono publico." Malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison. If your arms be slack for fear you shall not stem the current. Beside one deed of guilt how blest is guiltless woe.—Bulwer Lytton.

Age makes us not childish, as men say; it finds us still true children. O, yet we trust that somewhat good will yet be the goal of ill!—Tennyson.

What is a woman's surest guardian angel? Indifference.—Madame Deless.

The greatest glory of a free-born people is to remit their glory to their children. Dark seasons are not very pleasant to us, but they are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a rich and abundant harvest.

We should learn by reflecting upon the misfortunes which have attended others, that there is nothing singular in those to which befall ourselves.

Saying sharp things doesn't pay. It may gratify your spite at first, but it is better to have friends than enemies, and if you cannot make people happy, at least refrain from adding to their misery.

It is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and address is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye but reaches not the affections.

He that will put time and eternity before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly on both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the more he will grow greater and the more he will love.

It costs money to keep up good schools, but citizens ought to bear in mind that if we allow them to degenerate, twice the amount expended would be spent by parents to educate their children elsewhere.

Straws swim upon the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Showy parts strike every common eye, but solid ones are only to be discovered by the most accurate observers of the human head and human heart.

Each grave on the broad breast of the whole earth, whether men have marked it or forgotten it, it

W. B. HAMMOND,
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TO HERMIONE.

What shall I liken unto thee?
A lily bright,
Whose virgin purity and grace
Fulfills the soul, as doth thy face,
With all delight.

What shall I liken unto thee?
A blushing rose,
Which, redolent of fragrance rare,
Half opened to the summer air,
All sweetness grows.

What shall I liken unto thee?
Some glorious star,
Which, hung aloft at eventide,
Sheds its mild radiance every side,
Both near and far.

No! such comparison is vain.
For these all three,
Lily, and star, and rose so fair,
In radiance, grace and sweetness rare,
Must yield to thee.

Sibyl's Aversion.

Sibyl Renmore was a petted, pampered darling of wealth—a young lady fond of all the luxuries and enjoyments of life—a leader in society, though, to give Sibyl her due, she never set herself up as a leader, she simply did what she pleased, not caring what anybody thought about it; but what Miss Sibyl pleased to do always seemed to be just the thing—at least so society must have thought, for it would rise and do likewise.

Now, for old devotees of fashion to follow the footsteps of a debutante, and imitate her every caprice, was enough to turn the head of a young lady of nineteen, to make her vain, arrogant, and unwilling to submit to dictation.

We are not prepared to say that Sibyl Renmore was vain, arrogant, and believed herself infallible, neither do we know that a streak of strong-mindedness ran through her composition and made her alike invulnerable to the honors and flatteries lavished upon her.

We have her word for it that she did not mind being dictated to, but she would not submit to being dictated to by him, for, oh, how she detested him!

Now the gentleman Miss Sibyl designated as "him" was the only one of her intimate friends or relatives who had her interest at heart, that attempted to dictate to her since the day she took it upon herself to "come out" as a young lady, and to his first and only dictation she refused to submit, so we must leave Sibyl to the tender mercy of her reader to pass judgment upon her.

"Mother, I will not put up with it any longer!" Sibyl's cheeks were aflame, and her dark eyes dilated as she gave vent to the above.

"Well, well, the course of true love never runs smooth. Herbert has been doing something awful again, I suppose," said Mrs. Renmore, in a soothing voice.

"Mother, I know you are only talking lightly, but it does provoke me when you speak of love between Herbert Talford and me. If you only know how I detest him! and I will not submit to his interference any longer."

"My dear Sibyl, I understand how you detest him better than you do yourself," and Mrs. Renmore smiled quietly. "But what has happened now?"

"Why, I was driving alone in the Park yesterday, when he came to me, said it looked anything but lady-like to see a young lady out alone driving a pair of fast ponies; and he stepped into the phaeton, took the reins deliberately out of my hands, and drove me home."

"And, my dear, he said what was perfectly true. I never drove out in such a style; and you are setting a very bad example, Sibyl. Already I hear complaints of Julie Stone, Elsie Harrington, and several others driving a fast pair, and all because they have seen you doing it."

"Why, mother, I never ask anyone to follow my example. I do as I please, and I have a perfect right to, so long as I know in my heart I do nothing wrong, and this day puts an end to it; if Herbert Talford interferes with me again I shall certainly offend him."

"My dear, you must remember he is an old friend of the family, and at present our guest. If he were not very much interested in your welfare he would not speak at all to you, for I'm sure your conduct and speech have often given him offence."

"Well, I will not be dictated to by him, and he can hereafter take an interest in some one that will appreciate it—I don't, there!"

"Sibyl's 'there' must have settled it, for Mrs. Renmore said no more, but succumbed, as she had done all her life, to her wilful child."

"I do detest him, and I won't put up with it," murmured Sibyl, as she made her way to her own room, with an angry flush upon her beautiful face.

life to you, Miss Sibyl. Oh, how can I ever repay you?
"You can repay me in one way, Marie—by never saying anything more about it. Have you been to the Atwoods?"

"Yes, Miss Sibyl; I took the wine and the fruit, as you told me."
"And how is Mr. Atwood?"

Mr. Atwood was the husband of Sibyl's seamstress, a man who had been very prosperous at one time, but who had failed in business, and also in health, until his wife had to take in sewing for the support of him and their two children.

Everybody knows what support the needle of one frail woman can give a family.

They were on the direct road to starvation when Sibyl Renmore's maid found out their condition, and reported the same to her mistress.

"Very low, indeed, Miss Sibyl; he cannot last many days," answered Marie.

"Is there anything else we can do for them, Marie?"

"Bless your tender heart, my mistress, you have already supplied all their wants. The doctor says nothing more can be done for his patient."

"Order the carriage early to-morrow morning, Marie, and we will call there."

"Oh, you are so good, Miss Sibyl!" Sibyl suppressed a sigh, as she said: "If those who have enough and to spare of this world's treasure do not give to God's destitute, who should?"

Sibyl returned from her drive next morning, cast aside her bonnet and mantle when she entered the sitting-room, and seeing Herbert Talford seated there reading she flung herself into a chair, exclaiming:

"Oh, dear! I do not know what to do with myself!"

Herbert Talford half-closed his book and looked over at her half enviously, half pityingly.

"A victim of the demon ennui, Esopose," said Herbert.

"I suppose so."

"You see I have attended to all my dressmaking and shopping for this week, and here it is only Wednesday, leaving me all the rest of the week with nothing to do. There is no new novel out, and I feel too tired—too lazy, if you like—to drive, visit, or gossip."

Sibyl uttered this speech defiantly, and half closing her eyes, leaned back in her chair.

"And you have never anything to think about but shopping, visiting, etc., Sibyl?" said Herbert, with an air of reproach.

"Why, of course not."

And Sibyl opened wide her eyes, and flashed defiance at Mr. Talford.

"What can have come over me? I am not like myself," Sibyl would say in her own mind, as she wandered through the house like a restless spirit. But one day while sitting thinking of Herbert Talford, she burst into tears, and with a woman's fine consistency, wondered if he was never again going to take an interest in her, and in her tears she murmured—

"I do some little good secretly that he knows nothing of; but he spoke the truth—openly I set a bad example. Oh, shall I ever meet another man as good as he?"

And after this flood of tears Sibyl was very confident that she no longer detested Herbert Talford.

"He is dying, miss, dying fast," said Mrs. Atwood, as Sibyl stood by the bedside of the sick man. "But God has been very good to him. He has sent him another friend to-day, Mr. Herbert Talford, whom we knew in our better days, and oh, Miss Renmore, he has already promised my husband to provide for me and the children. I told Mr. Talford that you had promised to do that; but you have already done so much for us, Miss Renmore, that I am glad somebody has come to your relief."

Sibyl's heart gave a great bound. She never could humble herself to Herbert to tell him that she had always gone among the poor and needy and helped them; but now he "knew" that she was not given, heart and soul, to dress, fashion and gaiety, and—she was glad.

"Miss Renmore, my best friend," said the dying man, opening his eyes. "You may never again see me alive. Will you say a prayer for me, for he will surely hear an angel's voice."

Sibyl with tears in her eyes, knelt beside the bed and prayed aloud.

While Sibyl's voice filled the room the door opened and a man entered.

In an instant he took in the scene before him; then, going over to the bedside he dropped on his knees beside Sibyl, bent his face to the coverlet, and wept from the fullness of his heart.

When Sibyl finished her beautiful prayer, she simply turned and laid her hand on the man's head, saying—

"Herbert, God bless you!"

And kneeling then, with Sibyl's hand upon his head, Herbert knew that his love was not in vain—that he would never again hear how she detested him.

The Drummer Boy of Lud's Lane.

During the Canadian Rebellion—or "Patriot's War" as it was called—under William Lloyd Mackenzie, in the winter of 1837 and 1838, General Scott was sent to the frontier to see that the neutrality laws were observed. After breaking up the camp on Navy Island he went to Detroit and spent a night at Cleveland on his way. In the evening he addressed a concourse of citizens in the dining room of the American House.

While relating what he had just accomplished on the Niagara frontier, he very naturally alluded to his former achievements there, and especially to the battle of Lud's Lane. He gave an incident of the battle that affected him very much at the time. In the midst of the battle his attention was directed to two drummer boys who were in a very exposed position. One drum had been broken by the shot of the enemy, and the two boys had hold of the other drum containing for its possession. Just as the general sent to order them to a more sheltered place a cannon ball struck off the head of one of the boys. The survivor stood dazed, still holding the drum, and looking at the body of his slain companion prostrate at his feet. General Scott said it was one of the most affecting scenes he had ever witnessed. Just after the battle and subsequently he had made diligent inquiry for the boy, but had never been able to get any word of him, and he would be delighted to know what had become of him. At this juncture Mr. Jarvis P. Hanks stepped forward and said: "General Scott, I am that drummer boy."

A thrill ran through the room. Mr. Hanks was received by General Scott with open arms, amid the cheers and applause of the assembly. He then briefly gave his version of the story, which he afterward prepared in detail for the press. This incident brought Mr. Hanks very prominently before the public, and for several years he enjoyed the undisputed title and honors of the "Drummer Boy of Lud's Lane."

But conscience, like Baucis's ghost, would not down, and after enduring its goading for a season Mr. Hanks again came before the public, and this time with the humiliating confession that what he had said to General Scott and through the press was wholly false—there was no truth in it. When he heard the incident related, and no one had claimed the honors, it occurred to him at the moment that there was an opportunity for him to distinguish himself. The temptation was too great. In an evil moment his vanity and desire for notoriety overcame all other considerations and he made the announcement. Mr. Hanks removed to New Jersey, where he died several years ago. The real claimant never appeared.—*Binghamton Republican.*

The Man in the Moon.

Among the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon. In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

A Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket and went home. According to one version the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed, "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon!"

After his death, this fate duly befell him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat molten lead as a punishment. The Black Forest peasant says that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spell-bound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unmolested by the foresters. But he had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty himself. After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath-day holy, God said he must be punished; but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and thus the "Besenmann" or "Broom-man" came into the moon with his faggot on his back. Some say that the Almighty set fire to the faggot and it burns perpetually, in order that the beaver may not be frozen to death.

At Walenburg in the Grisons, the tale is somewhat different. A poor woman besought a "Seener" to give her a little milk, which he roughly refused to do. Thereupon she wished he might go to the coldest place in existence, which is the moon, and he is there visible with his milk-pail.

The man in the moon frequently figures in North German legends. Kuhn relates a tradition in the Havel country. One Christmas eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat cabbage, and having none himself, he slipped into his neighbor's garden to cut some. Just as he had filled his basket, the Christ Child rode past on his white horse and said, "because thou hast stolen on the holy-night, thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." No sooner said than done, and the criminal is still undergoing his penalty. At Paderborn in Westphalia, the crime committed was not theft, but hindering people from attending church on Easter day by placing a thorn-bush in the field-gate through which they had to pass.

In the neighborhood of Wittgen, the man is said to be banished to the moon because he tied up his brooms on Mundy Thursday; and at Dellingshofen, of having mown his meadows on Sunday.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Easter morning; while at Hemer in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good Friday, and had just poled a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thorn-bush and pitchfork, but likewise by a woman churning. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the man by fencing his field and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine service.

An ancient Northern fable states that Mani (the moon) kidnapped two children called Bil and Hukki from the earth, while they were employed in drawing water from the well Byrgir, bearing on their shoulders the pail Segr on the yoke Simul. These children follow Mani, and are plainly visible from the earth.

This myth of the child-stealing Moon Man, which existed throughout the North and also in Germany, evidently received a Christian coloring in later times. The idea of the theft was retained, but the chief stress is laid on the observance of the Christian festival. The culprit does not suffer for stealing the wood, but mainly for committing the sin on the Lord's day. This interpretation may have originated in the account in the Book of Numbers, of Moses commanding the Israelites to be stoned who had gathered wood on the Sabbath day. Griffin says he cannot trace the exact period when the Northern fable first appeared in Germany, but he has no doubts of its great antiquity.

All nations seem to have had a curious desire to account for the spots in the moon.

According to the Hindoos, Chandras, the God of the Moon, bears a hare in his arms. The Mongolians also believe that the spots represent a hare. One of their deities transformed himself into a hare to feed a starving wayfarer; and in honor of this act of virtue the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon. The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend. When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he one day lost his way in a forest, and after long wanderings he met a hare,

who thus addressed him: "I can help thee. Do thou take the right-hand path, and I will guide thee out of this wilderness."

"I thank thee," returned Buddha, "but I am poor and starving, and am unable to requite thy kindness."

"If thou art hungry," replied the hare, "light a fire, kill and eat me."

Buddha lighted a fire as desired, and the hare immediately leaped in; but Buddha now displayed his supernatural powers, and, tearing the hare from the flames, he placed it in the moon, where it still abides. This story is related by a French traveler in Ceylon, and he adds that his telescope was often borrowed by the natives, in order that they might inspect the hare in the moon.

Chaucer describes the moon as Lady Cynthia: Her gite was gray and full of spottis blake, And on her breast a chorie painted ful even Bearing a bush of thornis on his bake Which for his theft might climb no ner the heven.

Shakespeare also alludes to the man in the moon in "The Tempest" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

According to one tradition, the figure is that of Isaac, bearing the faggot on his shoulders for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Another calls the man, "Cain with a bundle of briars." Dante mentions this, both in his "Paradiso" and "Inferno." There is a pretty medieval legend which describes the moon as St. Mary Magdalene, and the spots on it as her repentant tears.

The following Westphalian legends are evidently not of Christian origin. A youth, visiting his sweetheart at night, wished to enter her room by the window while the moon was shining brightly. He, therefore, took a branch with which he attempted to darken it; but he remained hanging to the thorn-bush.

A tipsy man, coming out of the public house, threatened the moon with a bramble he held in his hand. This audacious conduct enraged the moon, who drew the man up, and there he is to this day.

Mullenhoff says that the people of Rantum, in the Schleswig Island of Sylt, declare that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to scoop up the water and pour it on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

The Art of Conversation in America.

A complaint was lately made by an American writer that the art of conversation—an art peculiarly dear to a gregarious and social race—is in a state of decline. The complainant seemed to think that our life is too hurried and money-seeking for the proper culture of an art which is leisurely and deliberate, and took pains to compare the conversation heard in our drawing-rooms unfavorably with that of the davor of which we catch from books of English reminiscence. We suspect that he is too despondent. It is probably true that to some degree our institutions and habits interfere with the free growth of that polished conversation which is made up of a certain amount of polished learning, of trained yet ready wit, and of unimpeded tact. We have very few professional conversers, who "get themselves up" to talk like Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and "Conversation Sharpe." Symposia such as those of Holland House, and even of the Mitre in the Temple, are somewhat rare with us. The long existence of a rich aristocracy, which has always rather prided itself on a literary taste, has no doubt given to English upper society the advantage and fame of brilliant conversation. Yet Americans certainly have the talent of conversation in no common degree, though—and this is perhaps, rather a merit than a detriment—it does not follow any prototype. We know that there are more good stump speakers, more good parliamentary orators, and lyceum lecturers and eloquent preachers in this country than in England. We are credited with "the gift of gab" in a superior degree. The conversation of our best drawing-rooms, therefore, may be less pleasantly pedantic, less elaborately epigrammatic and witty; but what it lacks in these qualities it gains. It seems to us, in vigor, and force, and native humor. We meet with many absorbingly interesting talkers who are independent of the poets, and have no carefully indited list of jokes in their pocket to be peeped at and shot off on occasion. We talk more of the practical things and individual experiences; and our talk is better suited to our audiences. It may be added that conversation in good American circles is more delicate and more free from the stings of witty satire than in England in the reign of Hook, Smith, and Croker. Everything is not, as it ought not to be, sacrificed to a sparkling epigram. The great English talkers rarely restrained themselves because ladies were present; their refining influence has an obvious effect upon police conversation among us. There are circles, too, in which all the ornaments of the English art appear; only, as in England, they are inner circles, within which but a few choice spirits are admitted. The chatty "dinner-out," while he is not so ubiquitous and conspicuous here as he was in England thirty years ago, who lived in lodgings and depended upon the skill of his tongue for his dinners, is by no means an unknown animal in our great cities.—*Appleton's Journal.*

—Some 400 acres of beets, suitable for the manufacture of beet sugar, are under cultivation in Wellesley township, near Berlin, Canada.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Beauty can give an edge to the bluntest sword.

Death is a black camel which kneels at the gates of all.

Give a foolish talker rope enough, and he will hang himself.

False eloquence is exaggeration, true eloquence is emphasis.

The world is wide. We are chained to no man's triumphal car.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

See the sack open before

confer a favor upon the Advertiser.

[illegible]

Abbreviations, Rules for Spelling, and Tables

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